MOTHER EARTH

Vol. VIII. AUGUST, 1913 No. 6

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—EDWARD CARPENTER.

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AND THE
Cooperative Commonwealth
(How we shall bring about the Revolution)

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THE WEAVERS

WITH tearless eyes, in despair and gloom,
Gnashing their teeth, they sit at the loom.
Thy shroud we weave, Germany of old,
We weave into it the curse three-fold.
We are weaving, weaving, weaving.

A curse to the false gods we prayed to in vain,
In the winter's cold, in hunger and pain.
Our hope, our waiting, all were for naught.
He fooled us, he mocked us,—a terrible thought.
We are weaving, weaving, weaving.

A curse to the king of the rich,
For none of our misery his heart did reach.
He takes our money, the very last cent;
To shoot us like dogs his soldiers he sent.
We are weaving, weaving, weaving.

A curse to the State, O false fatherland.
Shame and disgrace are nursed by the hand
Where blossoms are early broken by storm,
And in rot and moth delights the worm.
We are weaving, weaving, weaving.

The rattling loom, the shuttle's flight,
We are busy weaving, day and night.
Thy shroud we weave, Germany of old,
We weave into it the curse three-fold.
We are weaving, weaving, weaving.

—*Heinrich Heine.*

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

DURING 21 weeks the weavers of Paterson have been carrying on a most heroic struggle against hunger and exploitation. They have been defeated, if the result is to be measured by dollars and cents. But the wonderful solidarity and determination manifested by the Paterson strikers have not been in vain. They will bear fruit in the future, in the near future. The authorities, newspapers and courts have sown much seed of discontent and hatred; on the other hand is the persistent longing for a better human existence. Under these circumstances there can be no talk of definite defeat. At best it is an armed truce.

And now the Social Democratic politicians rush on the scene to put the Paterson Strike under the microscope of class-conscious, scientific criticism, with the too obvious view of making political capital out of the situation. Thus the New York *Call* furiously emphasizes that it is impractical to bring revolutionary ideas into these struggles. It is solely a question of winning present demands, and cool calculation the only method.

This is, in spirit and essence, about the same argument advanced by the capitalistic class. The latter never fails to "prove" to the workers by financial statistics how many millions of dollars they have "lost" through their strike. How impractical! the press prostitutes cry with the *Call*. But they carefully sidestep the fact that the workers would still be in a condition of utter serfdom were they not inspired all through the history of their struggles by the revolutionary spirit. The great events in the international labor movement, that continually strengthen the toilers with new energy and determination, have consisted of just such impractical revolutionary uprisings, and not, as the *Call* pretends to believe, in the election of a Socialist Alderman in Kankakee or a District Attorney of the same hue in Milwaukee.

We are convinced that the Paterson experience will serve to imbue future strikes with an ever stronger and more conscious revolutionary spirit. A fight is not won by running away from the field of battle. To hold protest meetings, for instance, in Haledon against police brutality in Paterson, is ludicrous as well as tragic, mani-

festing as it does that the workers lack the courage of manly resistance. The way to gain liberty is to fight for it. And if 25,000 strikers dare not assert their right of free speech and assembly in the face of most arbitrary suppression by a handful of police, what hope is there for the Social Revolution? Many similar incidents in the Paterson strike prove the necessity of encouraging in the workers a more revolutionary attitude as well as a clearer realization that only the complete paralysis of an industry and of all the activities in the strike region—the General Strike—can prove successful against the organized power of plutocracy.

* * *

THAT legislatures and laws in general are designed to protect the possessors against the disinherited, only they can deny that have an interest in keeping the people in ignorance.

Notwithstanding this, however, the National Association of Manufacturers, with an extra large appetite, provided armies of lobbyists and bribed Senators without number in order to induce Congress to pass specially good laws to facilitate their quicker enrichment. Tremendous sums were used in this patriotic effort, and money flowed like water. It was a good investment; the coffers of the manufacturers were sure to be replenished from the national industries.

This wholesale bribery scandal has resulted in a number of other investigations, each and all of which demonstrate for the thousandth time the utter rottenness of our whole politico-economical life. Whoever is still in doubt may learn from the disclosures of Mulhall that Republic, Constitution, sovereign people, are miserable catch-words in the national vaudeville show. Behind the curtain is mammon who pulls the diplomatic, legislative and political strings.

As usual, the official world promises a thorough cleaning up, for the benefit of the good citizen who is too blind to see that politics and capitalism are identical with corruption and bribery. Different names for the same thing.

According to reports, the National Association of Manufacturers also attempted to bribe Samuel Gompers. But he remained uncorrupted. Sam always strives to be

just and impartial to both worker and capitalist, even if he is not paid for it extra. His reputation, somewhat tarnished by Detective Burns, the blessed of the Roman mummy, has again become lustrous by this proof that he is an honorable man. Yet we doubt whether Gompers will now muster enough spunk to say a word of sympathy for the labor victims in San Quentin, the McNamara brothers.

* * *

A STATUE is to be erected in Brooklyn to General Lafayette. To be sure, he deserves it. At a time when every wholesale murderer and statesman à la Thiers is honored in this manner, Lafayette should not be forgotten. He was an obedient tool of the King of France and he proved himself a traitor to the French people at a critical period.

* * *

THE Pullman Company is planning to introduce new efficiency methods (the Taylor system) in its car works near Chicago. The Company is to expend $150,000 to install the system and it confidently expects to make millions out of it. Nor will it be disappointed unless the workers will energetically resist being degraded to the level of dumb beast of burden and scientifically turned into will-less cogs in the industrial machinery.

* * *

IT is estimated that 350,000 human beings have been slaughtered in the Balkan war. This is the result of a war that the Christian churches hailed at its beginning as a holy crusade, because it was directed against the infidel Turk. But presently the Christian governments, with the blessing of God and Church, fell upon each other, each eager to secure the largest slice of victory.

The responsibility for this ocean of blood rests with the financial world, the great bankers of Europe and America. They supplied the Balkan governments with funds, in some cases with the express stipulation that the greater part of the money was to be spent on murder instruments manufactured by the patriotic lenders.

* * *

DURING recent massacres in the Philippine Islands, committed by the glorious heroes of the U. S.

Army, 2,000 Moros were slaughtered, fully one-third of them women and children.

The Filipinos are not "ripe" for independence, the Washington authorities assure us. Wholesale extermination is the governmental way of educating those "savages" in the spirit of the free American institutions. But there is method in this madness. One of the reasons that the Federal government wants to hold the Philippines is that a powerful milling company of American capitalists is preparing to exploit the hardwood timber of the Islands. Surveyor-General D. A. Utter, of Idaho, has spent five months investigating the timber possibilities, and the company he represents is now negotiating for two concessions of 500 square miles each.

Behind the mailed fist there is always the capitalist vampire.

* * *

A PATRIOTICALLY drunken mob of U. S. sailors and soldiers attacked and destroyed the headquarters of the I. W. W. in Seattle, Washington. To show that the patriotism of the 20th century is inspired by the same blind intolerance and ignorance as that of the old heretic burners, an auto da fé was built and all the books, pamphlets and manuscripts that the uniformed ruffians could lay hands on were burned.

The headquarters of the Socialist party in Seattle were also attacked by the mob. But the Socialist officials at once came out with the declaration that the attack must have been due to a mistake, since they, the Socialists, have no sympathy whatever with the I. W. W. or any other elements that have no reverence for the national flag. Very good. It may secure for the Socialist party at the next election half a dozen votes of good, law-abiding citizens.

The riot seems to have been incited by the Seattle *Daily Times*, a sheet whose ambition it is to rival Otis' Los Angeles *Times* in its hatred and persecution of labor. At the same time Secretary of the Navy Daniels was present in the city, on which occasion he mouthed of patriotism, the glory of our republic, and the urgent need of driving the dissatisfied foreign element from our happy shores. Such official windjamming generally

makes no impression upon the intelligent man; but for the artificial incitement of the military slaves, it was just the right stuff. The riot followed.

A sequel to the affair was the complete confusion of the city authorities. Mayor Cotterill attempted to suppress the *Times* and to prohibit its sale on the public stands, because the paper, in his estimation, was chiefly responsible for the trouble. But Judge Humphries issued an injunction against the mayor, so that it looked for a while as if the executive and administrative authorities would throw each other into jail. Unfortunately it did not come to pass.

Considering how diligently the patriotic virus is being instilled in our public schools, aided by the growing curse of the boy scout movement, it is not surprising that such vigilant outrages are possible and apparently on the increase.

* * *

SIXTY human lives were sacrificed at a fire in the Binghampton Clothing Factory in Binghampton, N. Y. Most of the victims were women and young girls that have for many years worked for the firm for a miserable pittance, and who finally had to pay with their lives for the permission to slave in the death trap.

As in the case of the Triangle fire and other similar holocausts, these tragedies prove how little dependence is to be put in the powers charged with the safety of the public. Labor Departments, Labor Commissioners, Factory Inspectors, officials galore, all well paid, and everything provided for, except safety to life and limb. And all these petty, higher, and highest officials are now busy endeavoring to mask the real point at issue: that human life under capitalistic greed is the cheapest thing in the world. This officialdom, one might say, serves only to cover the rear of the industrial robber army, in its campaign of destruction and slaughter.

Now the City of Binghampton is much agitated over the need of new fire laws and regulations. Thus every time. A bit of bureaucratic patching on the surface of things, to attract the attention of the superficial public, and thus afford the real criminal, capitalism, a chance to escape.

* * *

AMONG the more progressive element of the Garment Industry of New York there is becoming manifest a tendency towards greater unity and solidarity. There is a movement on hand to combine the four international organizations (The Ladies' Garment International, United Garment International, Journeymen Tailors' Garment International and the Furrier Union International) into one body.

The step is to be welcomed, as tending towards a clearer realization of the common interests of the different branches of the industry and of the general brotherhood of labor. It is necessary to point out, though, that a combination of this character should be in the nature of a federation of autonomous locals, constantly guarding against the ever-present danger of centralization and bureaucracy. In union there is strength, but only when it is a union of intelligently self-conscious and independent units.

* * *

WE want to call the attention of our Hungarian comrades to the virile character of *Közös Társadalom*, a militant syndicalist monthly published by the organized Hungarian workers of San Francisco. Our friends would do good work by acquainting Hungarian workers with this revolutionady labor publication. Address: 2834 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.

* * *

WITHIN the last three decades of the Anarchist movement among Yiddish-speaking elements, there has grown up a very considerable literature in the Jewish language, dealing with the various phases of the Anarchist thought and history. Some of the works are original contributions, while practically every important work in other languages has been translated into Yiddish. It is, therefore, surprising that the "Speeches of the Chicago Anarchists" has so far not been added to the Jewish Library of Anarchism, the more so as the volume is a very valuable historic document as well as a splendid medium for propaganda.

There is now a movement on foot to bring this work out in Yiddish. The group "Solidarity," of New York, has taken the initiative, and it is contemplated to publish the book as a fitting memorial for the 26th anniversary of

the martyrdom of our Chicago Comrades, the coming 11th of November.

The Comrades of the group "Solidarity" request all interested in the realization of the project to join in the work.

Communications are to be addressed to the Treasurer, Dr. Liber, 272 E. 10th st., New York.

* * *

THE bitterness and misery that have for long been accumulating in the hearts of the unfortunates imprisoned at Sing Sing penitentiary, finally broke out in insubordination and riot. The average reader can hardly form an approximate idea of the long-continued and systematic tortures that must have been practised upon the inmates before a riot became possible. Your every step is regulated in prison by command, your every movement watched. There is little opportunity for plots or concerted action. Besides, the whole machinery of discipline is constantly at work breaking down your spirit and weakening your health and mind, and lessening your power of resistance.

But human endurance has its limits. The prisoners could not stand any more brutality, starvation and torture. A riot broke out—spontaneously, in half a dozen different departments; a veritable uprising, accompanied by violence and arson on the part of the convicts driven to the verge of desperation.

It is very much to the credit of human nature that the Sing Sing men had preserved, in spite of their terrible misery, the spirit of rebellion. The prison authorities resorted to extremest methods to pacify the inmates, even transferring some of the more obstreperous to other prisons. And the good Christian citizens of the town of Ossining, where Sing Sing is located, were preparing to reply to the demand of the prisoners for more bread and better treatment with cold lead.

Not much more favorable conditions, so far as the treatment of convicts is concerned, exist practically in every penitentiary of the land. Books recently written by discharged inmates have clearly proved to the world the shame and iniquity of our penal institutions, and the numerous official investigations of various prisons have

in every case substantiated the charge of brutality, inhuman abuses, starvation and torture.

What is the public going to do about it? Investigations are a sinecure for special commissioners and committees, but nothing ever comes of them in the way of improvement. Not till the public will awaken to the realization that convicts are human beings and the victims of our perverted social institutions and ideas, will the first step in real prison reform have been taken.

ANARCHISM APPLIED

"CLEAR your minds of old rubbish and familiarize yourself with the Anarchist thought!" we feel like crying to the people as we observe the current of events and see the workers driven from one blind alley into another.

Anarchism alone embodies these days social revolutionary ideals, without any trimming or compromising. It does not aim at a success that spells full flesh pots; it does not seek to gain the reins of government, nor strive to achieve an office. It scorns to make empty promises to ignorant majorities for the sake of their votes. Anarchism works for the real enlightenment of the people, to aid the proletariat to that maturity which will enable them to accomplish their own emancipation.

It is Anarchism that has declared war, without compromise or quarter, against all the social institutions and ideas that stand for oppression and enslavement. Fearlessly, without quibbling, it proclaims that all of these must be destroyed in the storm of the Social Revolution and completely eliminated before the triumph of social justice.

Lack of clarity, pusilanimity, and compromise are the worst curse of the labor movement of to-day. Of what benefit, for instance, can it be to the social or economic improvement of the workers if they are represented in the political dens of the plutocracy, in Parliament and Congress? The sole effect of such "successes" is to supply capitalist exploitation and governmental tyranny with new supporters bearing the label of labor or Socialist parties. Or of what use is it to the proletariat that here

and there some branch strike is occasionally won? Capitalism possesses no end of means to nullify the success of such strikes. Its power to revenge itself economically upon the workers, to intensify exploitation, raise the cost of living, and so forth, is practically limitless. Local strikes, if conducted in a revolutionary spirit, with an eye to the ultimate destruction of the robber system of private property, have propagandistic value. But as a means to the essential, fundamental emancipation of the toilers, they cannot be seriously considered by the intelligent student. The solution of the problem of labor —the abolition of wage slavery—is not to be found within the State-capitalist régime. Our thoughts and actions must transcend these narrow boundaries. The old-time local or branch strike, that by sacrifice, hardships and starvation tries to force the plutocrats to concessions, in vain seeks materially to improve the conditions of labor. It continually travels within the same vicious circle. It is becoming every day more imperative to familiarize oneself with the thought that the old methods of striking must give place to the revolutionary General Strike, which wars not only against the effects, but attacks the very sources of wage slavery.

These sources are private property, the State and—the third in the *Räuberbund*—the Church.

The rule of this trinity absolutely excludes the producers from well-being, justice and liberty. No diplomatizing and politicianizing can help in this matter. So long as this trinity is not overthrown, misery, dependence and slavery are unavoidable.

That is the point where the Anarchists and the labor movement must finally meet on common ground. If the workers are not to turn utter traitors to the ideal of their emancipation, they must prepare for the final struggle with this trinity, and in that struggle the Anarchists will be their staunchest fellow-fighters. The moment that the social revolutionary philosophy of Anarchism will combine with the intelligence of the workers, with their energy and strength, the doom of the dominant institution will be sealed.

The more intelligent representatives of the capitalist régime instinctively feel this vital connection between Anarchism and the labor movement. Therefore their

strenuous efforts to malign and revile the Anarchists as criminals and murderers, for whose ideas and tactics there is no room in the labor movement. Let it be. From the history of all great movements we know that the best and truest friends of the people—before the days of Marat and since—have always been the most misrepresented and persecuted. Nor was this persecution the worst they had to suffer. Still sadder for them was the lack of interest they met with in the people themselves. And yet, notwithstanding, they continued ever forward, fearless and unbending.

Thus also we Anarchists. In the face of the many dangerous errors and false conceptions dominating the labor movement, we shall neither bless nor curse, but persistently continue our labor toward the hour when the more intelligent element of the proletariat will learn to understand us and will hold out to the Anarchists the hand of brotherhood, together to battle with the common enemy.

Our full sympathy is with every popular movement that in one way or another helps to clarify the necessity of this struggle, and to inspire the proletariat to the Social Revolution. To aid in this noble work is to us the best and greatest mission.

Force and violence,—that is the motto of the rulers. But the people will presently awaken to the thought expressed by the philosopher Kant: "When it becomes a question of force only, the people might learn to make use of their power, and sweep away the established institutions."

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF AN ANARCHIST PROPAGANDIST

EVER since I have begun the interpretation of the revolutionary spirit in the Modern Drama, I have been confronted by the question: "What has the Modern Drama to do with Anarchism, or revolution?" This question is the more significant because it brings to light the fact that the limitation of vision is as much at home among radicals as it is among conservatives.

From the point of view of some radicals, everything

which doesn't contain the time-worn vocabulary of "bloated plutocrats," "economic determinism," "class consciousness," etc., is to be repudiated.

On the other hand, the conservative sees danger only in the advocacy of the Red Flag and the disrespect for the law. Both are equally blind to the fact that any mode of creative effort which portrays life boldly, earnestly and unafraid, may become more dangerous to the present fabric of society than the loudest harangue of the soap-box speaker. Take, for instance, the sentence of Mrs. Alving in "Ghosts": "I began to look into the seams of your doctrine. I only wished to pick at a single knot, but when I had got that undone, the whole thing ravelled out. And then I understood that it was all machine-sewn." Is there anything in revolutionary thought more powerful than this, and does it not turn the light on the whole structure of society, on every phase of it?

In oher words, make men and women conscious of the machine-sewn fabric of society which ravels out the moment you pick at one knot, and you will rob society of all its glare and pretense, of all its sham and hypocrisy; and that means the beginning of the end of such a society.

Therein lies the revolutionary and social value of the Modern Drama, not only for the workers, but for those who need enlightenment as much as the workers, the professional middle-class, men and women who are only now beginning to buck up against life and who by training and habit are utterly unfitted for the shock.

In countries where political oppression affects all classes, the aristocrat no less than the peasant, the intellectual no less than the ignorant, feel the paralyzing effect of despotism. That is why the intellectuals there have made common cause with the people, have become their teachers, comrades and spokesmen; but in America political pressure has so far affected only the "common" people. They are thrown into prison; they are clubbed, mobbed, tarred and deported. Therefore another medium is needed to arouse the intellectuals of this country, to make them realize their relation to the people, to the social unrest and to the brutalities and abuses going on day after day in this wide land.

The medium which has the power to do that is the

Modern Drama, because it reflects all life and embraces every ramification of society. The Modern Drama, showing how each and all are in the throes of the tremendous changes going on, makes it clear that they must either become part of the process or be left behind.

At any rate, facts speak louder than theories, and the extraordinary interest which my drama-work has aroused on this tour is proof of the power of the Modern Drama.

As I reported in the last issue of MOTHER EARTH, the attendance at the dramatic lectures in Los Angeles, while not very large, made up in enthusiasm, an enthusiasm which endured to the very last, regardless of the sweltering heat. Indeed, so intense was this enthusiasm that it brought to life a movement to establish a little radical theatre, not for the purpose of catering to the fads of the rich, but to satisfy the growing needs of the poor for good intellectual food, for plays that will have the warm glow of life, so woefully lacking in our so-called "culture" to-day. Our friends Charles T. Sprading, Elmer Ellsworth, Dr. and Mrs. Gersen, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson have the preparatory work in hand, and will acquaint our readers with the development of the project. So much for the result of the drama-work in Los Angeles.

As to our second visit to San Francisco, it proved a tremendous success; even more so than our first trip. The Sunday lectures, especially the one on the Social Evil, were attended by crowds far beyond the capacity of our hall. Apropos of the Social Evil, the San Francisco *Bulletin,* the only advanced paper on the Coast, is running a story by a girl from the underworld. Alice Smith's recital of how she became a prostitute is commonplace and without merit, but it has called forth a number of interesting letters of deep, human, and social significance from girls and women of the underworld. At the same time it has helped dispel the hypocritical fog which had been hanging over this all-embracing problem.

Whether it be due to the interest centered around the Alice Smith story, or to the announcement that I would discuss the Social Evil, the meeting attracted the largest and most representative audience. Doctors, lawyers, and

judges rubbed elbows with procurers and dive-keepers, while good, moral ladies sat side by side with the Alice Smiths, and last but not least, the so-called cultured gentlemen were compelled to listen to the strong, revolutionary language of I. W. W.'s, Anarchists, and other free elements.

Next to this event, the debate with a Socialist, Prof. Maynard Shipley, was of importance, inasmuch as it demonstrated the truism that retrogression in principle is always followed by a decline in mentality. So lacking in revolutionary principle is the Socialist movement on the Coast, that it must needs cling to the coat-tails of any one who might lend it respectable prestige. And who is there better equipped for that than a college professor? How our Socialists worship a degree, and how little they realize that a degree often only covers a mass of ignorance! Certainly the ignorance of Prof. Maynard Shipley as to Socialism beats anything I have ever encountered before. O, Socialism, what sins are committed in thy name! The only valuable result of the debate was the moral and financial sympathy expressed by the audience in behalf of the Paterson strike; $73.61 was collected and forwarded to Paterson.

Now, to the Drama. Nine lectures were delivered before a constantly increasing attendance. Indeed, the last evening had the largest audience, which merely goes to prove that the interest did not relax until the last. San Francisco also has begun work for a little theatre. In fact, it looks as if it will beat Los Angeles in the race, if our friends there do not speed up. Two hundred and fifty people have pledged subscriptions and contributions to secure the theatre for at least six months, and a few friends are at work to find a suitable place. Most active among them is a young American woman of splendid spirit and great ability, Bertha Fiske, who is to be in charge of the artistic phase of the venture.

A social gathering in the true Anarchist-communistic spirit capped the climax of the three remarkable weeks in San Francisco, remarkable because it was our second visit in six weeks and because we were able to hold forty meetings, with our friends remaining faithful to the end. Not less remarkable, however, was the phenomenal demand for literature, and the energy and de-

votion of the group of workers who helped so tirelessly in all of the hard work. Bertha Fiske, Pearl Vogel, Mania and Vacelic Semenoff, Rhoda Smith, our friend Berger, and our boys Frank, Sam and Jim, were not a little instrumental in bringing about our success.

Thus San Francisco might be considered the bright spot in our long and weary tramp, but for one dark cloud, the hanging of Jacob Oppenheimer. As fate would have it, we arrived the day before and were near the place where the horrible scene was enacted, July 11th. Legal murder is such a common affair in this great land, that one grows callous to it, but Jacob Oppenheimer had been brought so close to us during our stay in California that it seemed as if we had known him all our lives, and therefore the event affected us so deeply.

Jacob Oppenheimer, who was driven by Fate itself from one tragedy to another; who was eighteen years in prison and had come to be looked upon as the "Human Tiger"! Yet when Jacob Oppenheimer was given the slightest opportunity, his soul, like the sun-kissed flower, began to unfold its petals. Jacob Oppenheimer who had been beaten, tortured, brutalized and denied the possibilities of life, and who could yet write about children, music and poetry. Jacob Oppenheimer, who to the very last pleaded against Capital Punishment, not in behalf of himself but for those left behind. He who died with such fortitude and firmness.

Thousands of men and women appealed to the Governor of California in behalf of this remarkable man, but the Governor had hardened his heart, and yet we are told that Governor Johnson is a liberal man. A more wanton murder the most reactionary official could not have committed. Jacob Oppenheimer was killed because the State of California did not know what to do with him. Verily, a greater indictment government has never hurled against itself. It creates its criminals and, unable to do anything with them, becomes the arch-hangman.

Jacob Oppenheimer told his friends he was glad to die, he was so tired from the terrible struggle of life, with the blind cruel forces that drove him on against his own will. It is therefore not so much because of what the State of California has done to Jacob Oppenheimer that

the tragedy of July 11th affected us so deeply, but it is because of what the people and the State of California have done to themselves, of what all States and governments do to themselves in their relentless mowing down of human life and the marring of human character.

The ups and downs of an Anarchist-propagandist are never burdened with too much harmony, but the fate of Jacob Oppenheimer, his life so murderously snuffed out, was the most cruel, discordant note in our entire journey, and yet we may not halt as long as such horrors exist.

We are in Portland now for a week; then in Seattle until August 24th. General Delivery will reach us there. We also hope to be in Spokane and Butte, Montana, for a few days, and then homeward bound.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

* * *

THE REVOLT OF THE ARMY*

THE period of social dissolution could not continue for ever. The Government was anxious to bring this state of things to an end; for the persistence of the strike, which strengthened the Unions, produced for the Government only increased disintegration and exhaustion. The State found itself dismantled; everything creaked; the vital organs of society, which had given it its prestige, cut off, it found itself reduced to little more than the machinery of repression; magistrates, prisons, police. They had, of course, the army,—but its fidelity became more and more problematical.

Wishing to end the insurrection, the authorities resolved to proclaim a state of siege. They had the approbation of Parliament. This was only a matter of form. The Chambers were only a remnant which survived; panic stricken, seeing red everywhere, they could, in the course of their interminable sittings, discuss, decide, vote resolutions and orders of the day,—but the real interest was elsewhere. They not longer represented anything. Parliamentarism was dying.

* A chapter from "Syndicalism and the Cooperative Commonwealth," by Emile Pataud and Emile Pouget, describing the situation after the General Strike had disorganized the State and deprived the government of the means of provisioning the army.

Although resolved on carrying out the sanguinary work of an implacable and ferocious repression, the Government were perplexed. The revolutionary movement that they wanted to crush out had this typical feature, that it was not centralized, but scattered about, which rendered the undertaking more difficult. Which were the suitable points for the decisive effort? To occupy with soldiers the office of the Confédération Générale du Travail, or even of the Labor Exchange, hardly helped towards a solution. To imprison the principal militants, the members of committees and commissions? This had already been tried without appreciable results. The arrests they had succeeded in making, and they were numerous, had disorganized nothing. The imprisoned members had been automatically replaced,—many times in succession in some organizations,—without these organizations having been broken up, or even caused to waver.

As a result of these attacks, and to guard against their renewal, the Strike Committee took precautions: they sat in permanent session in the public halls, where, day and night, many strikers were on guard.

And then it was not alone the committees that had to be neutralized, annihilated,—there were also the people.

Where to attack them? How to strike at them? They had the prudence not to lend themselves to repression; they knew how to steal away, to make themselves invisible, make it impossible to get hold of them. Besides, how can they be coerced? To overcome their inertia, to lead them back to work, to put them again under their masters' yoke, it would be necessary to overwhelm them with numbers; and the Government had no longer the numbers on their side. They no longer had the army in hand. Worse still, they could only half trust the municipal guards; in their barracks they hummed "The International." In fact, as far as soldiers were concerned, they had only a few corps of élite, chiefly cavalry, on whom they could certainly depend. In addition, they had the police; but there too the severe character of the police hunt had thinned their ranks.

But what did it matter? The present situation was untenable. They would bring cannons and machine guns

into the streets if necessary; but they would anyhow end this General Strike! To commence with they would occupy with soldiers the Confédération, the Labor Exchange, the public halls, the Co-operative Stores, all the centers of Labor activity. If they met with the least resistance,—they would at once attack. And, in virtue of the state of siege, it was not necessary to be embarrassed with scruples. No more half measures! Against the audacious people who should dare to resist they would be implacable.

Arrangements were made for the rapid realization of this decisive plan. The troops were set in motion, and sent towards the strategical points of this great combined movement.

The military stir that the preparations for this blow rendered necessary, in which all the available troops should participate, was not carried out without arousing the attention of the strikers, and they also laid their plans.

Already the youthful elements in the unions,—the most enterprising, the most resolute,—had formed some kind of bands who had undertaken, as their special work, to watch over the security of the committees and officials, establishing sentinels and guard posts, in order that the watch might never be at fault, and that they should not run the risk of being caught napping.

These groups had also sought to arm themselves; they looked after the military stores, commandeering useful arms amongst the gunsmiths and wherever else they found them. They did not however delude themselves about the value of their armament. The majority of the young people who were members of these bands were at the same time affiliated to the Anti-militarist societies, they knew well that it would have been foolish on their part to expect that they could hold their own against the army.

They knew that a revolution had never been successful with the army against it, but only with the support of the army or at least its neutrality. They knew that in times of insurrection the people had only triumphed when the troups had refused to fire, and had rallied to their side. And they therefore came to the conclusion that, once again, the attitude of the army would decide

the success or failure of the General Strike. On that account they concentrated all their efforts on building up friendly relations with the soldiers. They succeeded in this the more easily as the army were also fermenting with social aspirations,—disgusted, harassed by the repressive part which they had to play.

In the majority of the barracks and camps, valuable acquaintanceships had become established between soldiers and workmen. Things were worse even than that; in many companies the topics of conversation in the mess rooms frequently turned upon what soldiers owed to themselves and to humanity . . . and as a result various propagandist groups were formed within the regiments. In order to become members a preliminary promise was required,—that they would never fire upon the people. More than this, as it was impossible to keep the troops constantly under arms, some of the soldiers were not afraid to use their rare hours of liberty to mix with the people and attend meetings.

Such was the state of mind of the troops when the authorities decided to deliver the blow which they hoped would prove decisive.

During the night, marches and counter marches were carried out in such a way that, by the morning, military operations could commence at all points at the same time.

A little before the dawn, an incident, as unforeseen as it was disastrous, disturbed their plans. Just as the preparations for the battle were completed at the barracks of Chateau d'Eau which, on account of their proximity to the Labor Exchange, and also to the offices of the Confédération Générale du Travail, was one of the centers of the repression,—cries of "Fire!" "Fire!" arose.

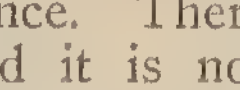
The barracks were in flames!

The alarm was soon given. In a disorderly pell-mell the soldiers descended into the court, and after the first moments of panic and disorder, they set to work to extinguish the fire. It had several centers,—a certain proof of malevolence,—and at various points it was already blazing furiously.

They exerted themselves to get all the pumps at work. But,—a terrible disappointment! No water came through! One after the other, all the water taps were

tried. But all in vain. From no one of them did any water run. They had to face the fact: the water had been intentionally cut off.

(To be Concluded)



AN ANARCHIST IN REFLECTION

By Harry Kelly

IN attempting to outline one's development and portray feelings foreign to others, very much must be left to the reader's imagination. We are unwilling participants in incidents and have experiences thrust themselves on us, as it were, that mould and shape our lives without consciousness on our part, making a sympathic imagination indispensable to the reader's understanding of the tale unfolded. Life is not divided by three as this series of articles has been; it is a multiplicity of details with one overlapping the other, forming a unified existence. There are few red-letter days with any of us and it is not easy to say when our feelings change and why. We pursue a beaten path for a period of time and lament the sameness of things: life has that dull gray color of a battleship, and the same foreboding aspect. We love a woman, adhere to a political party and belief, or indulge in a certain form of superstition, and all the while coddle ourselves on the immutability of things. We wake up one fine morning and, looking back through the mind's eye, find that things have taken on an entirely different color. We may profess the same things as formerly—more often we do not—but in an entirely different manner and usually with far less ardor than in the past; we have changed and without knowing it.

For the benefit of some good friends who seem to have misunderstood the aim of these articles, let me say, this is not an autobiography—that stage has not been reached. It is an attempt (and being an untrained writer, a very imperfect one) to show how an Anarchist may be made and developed together with some of his reflections. Autobiographical details were of course unavoidable, but they are of a purely propaganda nature.

Cherishing illusions is characteristic of all of us, and I have cherished my full share. During the years spent in England, there was constantly with me a vague and undefined feeling that one day I should return to America and take my place in the trade union movement. The definite part of this idea was that my activity in the labor movement would be confined, as far as possible, to spreading my ideas on Anarchism. When the time came to return, and it came rather suddenly, it was surprising to find that my feelings in that respect had undergone a decided change. The change was not due to any slackening of faith in the necessity and utility of trade unions,—they seemed necessary then and even more so now. The thought that moved and moves me along these lines is that in spirit and in essence they are voluntary associations of workers and producers and are in embryo producing groups in a free society. Organized chiefly as defence associations, they have raised the standard of comfort and intelligence of their members more than any other force in society. If they have been unable to raise themselves above the level of the society in which they live and have failed to benefit the entire working class, that should not be held against them. Like all human institutions, they have grave faults; but those who stand outside the ranks and profit by the improved conditions created by the unions, are the ones really deserving of condemnation.

To speculate on what would happen if all the workers were organized, is rather dangerous. One view is that if all the workers organized and insisted on higher wages and shorter hours, the price of commodities would rise automatically and a balance be struck. Another view, and one equally sound, is that if the entire working class were sufficiently developed to organize and act in unison for better conditions, they might easily be conscious enough to overthrow the present system. Of the two theories the latter appeals to me most, as men do not and can not develop along one line at a time. Emotions conflict and ideas war upon each other, and during the conflict we are settling many problems instead of one. One of the most common and superficial expressions in current use is, "Let us settle one question at a time." It is the equivalent of saying, "Let us settle

the economic or land question first." Not only must there be a much higher degree of intelligence than we have now, but an infinitely greater spirit of freedom and social consciousness before we can settle any really great question. Even such an elementary reform as clean streets can not be accomplished without a certain amount of this spirit, and we will have to have a fairly strong minority of free men and women before the land or economic question is settled. My reluctance and final abandonment of the idea of re-entering the trade union movement was due to purely temperamental causes and the realization of my unfitness to do the work of former years. The grind of committee work and the disputations over seemingly trivial yet perfectly essential things was out of the question for me. To have any considerable influence with the members of a union, one must be a member and participate in its life. This means constant attendance at meetings and a close application to the details of the trade. The efforts involved when one is working at the trade are considerable and fatiguing; but when one is outside the shop for years, as was the case with me, it is far more difficult. It was impossible to do this and my general propaganda work. Thus, after drifting for a time, I finally gave up the idea and remained outside, but at all times sympathetic and ready to help organize or develop any union that asked my assistance.

Anarchism is a much bigger thing to me than it was eighteen years ago,—more real, yet more intangible, fascinating and appalling. No longer a nebulous political ideal and a new economic order, it is a world concept meaning freedom in all phases of life. Free access to the earth and the tools of production, it surely means freedom likewise in art, literature, science, education, sex; in short, freedom to live a full life with a recognition of the rights of others as the one deterrent factor of our lives—other than, of course, the physical restrictions nature puts upon us.

Originally, Anarchism presented itself to my understanding much the same it seems to me as Socialism and the Single Tax presents itself to the advocates of those theories, theories worked out along certain fixed lines, to be obtained by definite methods. In the case

of Socialism, there is the gradual absorption of industry by the government with industrial departments replacing the purely political ones, an extension of governmental functions with a larger and larger number of people employed by the State. With the followers of Engel—who seem to grow less each year—there is the theory that when everything has been governmentalized and the private capitalist abolished, the State or organized government will gradually die and be replaced by a system of free cooperation. The Single Taxer is equally definite with his idea, though it is a quite different one. The State is to become the landlord by the simple process of taxing land to its full rental value, so that all unused land will return to the State. An intelligent, alert electorate will see that assessments are honestly made and collected on land values, and all natural monopolies are to be governmentalized. With both schools of thought, poverty is to disappear upon the adoption of their theories or principles. The fact that some Socialists and Single Taxers are more advanced than others along certain lines, does not change or violate the general conceptions as stated above. To the novitiate in the Anarchist movement, there is much the same general idea in so far as a definite program is concerned. With the Anarchist Communist, there is the idea of a revolutionary upheaval followed by a general expropriation of the capitalist of land, houses, factories, warehouses; in short, of all forms of social wealth. This to be followed in turn by the establishment of free Communism or Anarchism. This was and is to a great extent my idea, but with a marked difference between the then and now. No one can tell when or in what manner the final crash of capitalism will come. We live in the midst of strife and change and the past decade is probably unparalleled in that respect. The revolutions in Russia, China, Portugal, Turkey and Mexico alone would make this a great period; but when the rise of the Syndicalist, Industrialist and anti-Militarist movements of Europe and America and the development of the Socialist movements all over the world are added, it makes of this probably the greatest revolutionary epoch of all history. Even these changes, mighty as they are, form but a part of the whole; for there is the great and

growing Feminist movement, separation of Church and State in France, independence of Norway with a republic impending, and many other great and far-reaching changes of a political nature. Even this does not complete the list; for insurgency in the social, scientific and artistic spirit manifests itself in the breaking of old forms and customs and in the attempts to create newer and higher ideals of life. The social revolution is no longer coming. It is here, and we are working ourselves into the free society daily and hourly.

The revolutionary significance of Anarchism lies not only in what it stands for to-day, but what it will stand for to-morrow. It makes war not only on Church, State and capitalism, but on superstition in all its forms and expressions. It opposes the static in art, literature, science and the social relations. It transvalues the values of yesterday to-day and will transvalue the values of to-day, to-morrow. In proportion to the realization of certain social ideals, the Anarchist's social ideals grow and expand. The sky line of Anarchism forever recedes and the Anarchist range of vision grows larger and larger. Anarchists grow to a certain point, then stop and crystalize; others start from that point or overlap and go on; but Anarchism grows as man grows. Without minimizing by a hair the importance of revolutionary action on the part of the workers or slackening our attack on exploitation of man by man, we realize—as has been stated –that man can not and therefore does not progress along one line without progressing along many others at the same time. Who will venture to say the twenty-five thousand workers who have suffered and starved through twenty-one weeks at Paterson, are the same human beings that entered in on that struggle? Some will become pessimists and philistines, while others will be strengthened and sweetened; but not one will remain as he was. Entering the struggle some defiant, others lighter hearted, these stormswept souls have had an awakening that will change the entire current of their lives. Similarly with the women's movement now going on all over the world; its significance does not lie in granting them the right to make fools or charlatans of themselves, like men; it lies in the struggle they are conducting and the changes it will

make in their character and outlook. No woman can conduct a hunger strike, smash all so-called womanly precedents by engaging in physical fights with the police, or endure the ridicule of the mob when she mounts a soap-box, without revolutionizing her views of life. Just as no reform worthy the name amounts to anything unless a struggle precedes it. Therefore we feel that if women have to fight another decade or two for political power (not rights, *power*), there will be a militant minority strong enough to prevent the Woman's Christian Temperance Union governing us in the manner now advocated.

Enthusiasm is inseparable from vitality, and tolerance is symptomatic of what a friend calls an attenuated form of life. Anarchism is now bigger and grander than when the message first came to me; at the same time I am more tolerant—because less vital—to certain things now. Principles never meant anything to me unless I could approximate to them in my daily life, and the fact that some can profess Anarchist ideas and participate in politics, as well as observe all the forms of conventional society, moves me to sadness rather than anger. If this sounds perilously like a holier-than-thou attitude, it is because of an inability to see myself as others see me. After all, what do these deviations from the straight and narrow path matter? The earth rocks and the storm breaks over our heads; the old order changeth and giveth way to the new. Judged by yesterday's standards, the world is better than it was, because some grievances have been redressed and abuses abolished. Judged by to-day's, it is worse; for with a larger vision and deeper emotions, we feel the wrongs more heavily than those of the past. If matter and mind are inseparable, then liberty is a definite, tangible thing; if not, it is a myth. Myth or no, it has moved and moves the world. Anarchism and liberty are synonymous terms, and whosoever takes it upon himself to bathe at its font and distribute its precious waters, takes upon himself a heavy burden. If spiritual rewards will satisfy him, he will be amply remunerated in feeling that he has identified himself with and become a part of a movement which uplifts, inspires and will ultimately free the entire human family.

DUTY

A Scene from the "Terrible Meek,"

By Charles Rann Kennedy

(A wind-swept hill at night. The Roman soldiers have just crucified a man, who in a veiled way represents the Carpenter of Nazareth in the play. The wailing of his mother is heard in the distance. The Captain of the military detail converses with the bereaved woman. He appears much disturbed. A soldier, also much affected, approaches the Captain.)

SOLDIER. Wot was it 'e done, Captain?

CAPTAIN. Don't you know?

SOLDIER. Not exackly. I got enough to look arter with my drills an' vittles withaht messin' abaht with politics an' these 'ere funny foreign religions.

CAPTAIN. And yet you, if I mistake not, were one of the four men told off to do the job.

SOLDIER. Well, I 'ope I know my duty, sir. I on'y obeyed orders. Come to that, sir, arskin' your pawdon, it was you as gave them orders. I s'pose *you* knew orl right wot it was 'e done?

CAPTAIN. No, I don't know exackly, either. I am only just beginning to find out. We both did our duty, as you call it, in blindness.

SOLDIER. That's strange langwidge to be comin' from *your* lips, Captain.

CAPTAIN. Strange thoughts have been coming to me during the last six hours.

SOLDIER. It's difficult to know wot's wot in these outlandish places. It's not like at 'ome, sir, where there's Law an' Order an' Patriotism an' Gawds Own True Religion. These blarsted 'eathens got no gratitude. 'Ere's the Empire sweatin' 'er guts aht, tryin' ter knock some sense inter their dam' silly 'eds; an' wot do you get aht of it, orl said an' done? Nuthin'! Nuthin' but a lot of ingratitude, 'ard words, insurrections, an' every nah an' then a bloody example like this 'ere to-day! Oh, these foreigners mek me sick, they do reely!

CAPTAIN. Yes, perhaps that has been the real mistake all along.

SOLDIER. Wot 'as, Captain?

CAPTAIN. Taking these people—men like this one, for instance—for foreigners.

SOLDIER. Well, you'll excuse me, sir, but wot the 'ell else are they?

CAPTAIN. I'm not quite sure; but supposing they were more nearly related? Supposing, after all, they happened to be made of the same flesh and blood as you and me? Supposing they were men? Supposing, even, they were—brothers?

SOLDIER. Brothers! Why, that's exackly wot 'e used ter say—'im up there. . . .

Did you ever 'ear 'im, sir?

CAPTAIN. Once. Did you?

SOLDIER. Once.

They remain silent for a little.

It was politics when I 'eard 'im. On'y it salnded more like some rummy religion.

CAPTAIN. When I heard him it was religion—sounding curiously like politics.

SOLDIER. Them two things don't 'ardly seem to go together, do they, sir?

CAPTAIN. They don't. Perhaps they ought to.

SOLDIER. I don't know. Seems to 'ave led *'im* into a pretty mess. . . .

It's a queer world! . . .

I wonder wot it was 'e reely done.

CAPTAIN. It's rather late in the day for us to be considering that, seeing what *we* have done, isn't it?

SOLDIER. Well, I don't know. P'r'aps it's funny of me, but I never done a job like this yet withaht thinkin' abaht it arterwards. . . . An' I done a few of 'em, too.

If you arsk me, sir, it was them—well, them long-faced old jossers dahn there as begun the 'ole beastly business. You know 'oo I mean.

CAPTAIN. Yes, I know whom you mean. But haven't they a name?

SOLDIER. Well, I 'ardly know *wot* ter call them, sir. They're like a lot of old washerwomen. Allus jawin'. We got nuthin' exackly like that sort at 'ome, sir.

CAPTAIN. Oh, I don't know that there's all that difference.

SOLDIER. They was allus naggin' the pore fellow, one way an' another. Couldn't leave 'im alone. They started the 'ole business.

CAPTAIN. Why, what fault did they find with him? What was it they said he did?

SOLDIER. It wasn't nuthin' 'e done, far as I could mek aht. It was summat as 'e said, wot riled them.

CAPTAIN. Something he said?

SOLDIER. Yes, summat 'orrible; that's wot they said. Summat too bad ter be spoken, summat they wasn't a-goin' ter stand from anybody. Least, that's wot I 'eard. . . .

Wasn't so very 'orrible, neither. Not ter me. Sahnded a bit mad, that's orl.

CAPTAIN. Oh, then you know what is was?

SOLDIER. Yessir. They 'ad a name for it, too: on'y I can't quite remember. One of them big jawcrackers, you unnerstand. Seems a bit orf for a bloke ter come ter this, just for usin' a few words.

CAPTAIN. There is great power in words. All the things that ever get done in the world, good or bad, are done by words.

SOLDIER. Well, there's summat in that, too. On'y this thing 'e said—blimey, it was nuthin'! There ain't a loony alive wot doesn't say the same thing 'e said, an' more, a thasand times a day, when 'e's reel bad in 'is 'ead. At the most, it sahnded like a bit of langwidge, that's orl.

CAPTAIN. And *you* don't mind that, do you?

SOLDIER. Me? 'E could 'a'done it till 'e was blue in the face an' welcome, far as I'd care.

CAPTAIN. You yourself, of course, had nothing at all against him? Nothing personal, nothing political, I mean. No more than I had.

SOLDIER. Lor' bless you, no, sir. Rawther liked 'im, the bit I saw of 'im.

CAPTAIN. Only they—the long-faced gentlemen—found him guilty. So, of course, they had to hand him over to the magistrate.

SOLDIER. Yes, blarst them. What did they want ter go an' do that for?

CAPTAIN. It was perhaps their—duty, don't you see?

SOLDIER (*taken aback on the sacred word*). Oh, was it? Well, since you put it in that way, o' course. . . .

CAPTAIN. Then, again, came the magistrate's duty. I suppose he found he had some duty in the matter? Did *he* very much object to this horrible thing that had been said?

SOLDIER. Not much! 'E ain't that sort, nor this fellow! . . .

That's the funny thing abaht it. Far as I could 'ear, there weren't no mention of that, by the time the case came into 'is 'ands. No, it was riotin' an' stirrin' people up agen the government, as 'e on'y 'ad ter deal with.

CAPTAIN. Was that charge proved against the prisoner?

SOLDIER. They 'ad witnesses, I suppose. On'y you know wot witnesses are, in a case like this, sir. Got their orders, you unnerstand.

CAPTAIN. And, of course, they all did their duty. That sacred obligation was attended to. They obeyed.

SOLDIER. I don't know. Don't arsk me. I know nuthin' abaht it.

CAPTAIN. I'm trying to make up my mind. I don't know. I'm blind. I don't think I know what duty is.

SOLDIER. It's perfectly plain, sir. Arter all, duty *is* duty, ain't it?

CAPTAIN. Yes, it doesn't seem to be very much else.

SOLDIER. 'Ow do you mean, sir?

CAPTAIN. Well, for instance, it doesn't seem to be love or neighborliness or pity or understanding or anything that comes out hot and fierce from the heart of a man. Duty! Duty! We talk of duty! What sort of devil's duties are there in the world, do you think, when they lead blindly, wantonly, wickedly, to the murder of such a man as this!

SOLDIER. Well, far as I'm concerned, I on'y obeyed my orders.

CAPTAIN. Orders! Obeyed orders!

SOLDIER. Well, sir, it was you as give them to me.

CAPTAIN. Good God, man, why didn't you strike me in the blasphemous teeth, the hour I gave them?

SOLDIER. Me, sir? Strike my superior orficer!

CAPTAIN. You stroke this defenceless man. You had no scruples about his superiority. You struck him to the death.

SOLDIER (*hotly*). I on'y did my duty!

CAPTAIN. We have murdered our brother. We have destroyed a woman's child.

SOLDIER. I on'y obeyed my orders. When my superior orficer says, *Kill a man,* why, I just kill 'im, that's orl. O' course I kill 'im. Wot's a soldier for? That's duty. (*With sullen lust.*) Blood an' 'ell! I'd kill 'im

soon as look at 'im, yes, I would, if 'e was Gawd aht of 'Eaven, 'Imself! . . .

Not as I 'ave anythin' personal agen this pore devil. On'y I *do* know my duty.

❧ ❧ ❧

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE PUBLICATION FUND

DEAR COMRADE A. BERKMAN:

The Chicago Voltairine de Cleyre Memorial Group submits its financial report of all the monies collected and the expenses at the time Comrade Voltairine was sick and after her death. A year has gone by, and no official statement given yet to the public and the contributors. Please give full name and amount of each contributor, and also the expenditures. The money left will go to the publication of Voltairine's works. We have in our possession $300.12. Please make a notice in MOTHER EARTH that all the Comrades in the different cities that have not accounted yet to the Memoriam Fund should do so at once to Annie Livshis, 2038 Potomac ave., Chicago.

Fraternally yours,

SAM SIVIN, Sec.,
736 S. Hoyne ave.

J. LIVSHIS, Treas.,
2038 Potomac ave.

INCOME.

Cash from Voltairine's purse.	$60.00	Dr. Van Teslar	1.00
Arbeiter Ring Check	18.00	Dr. Eisinger	1.00
Cash from Navro	100.00	N. Schoolman	1.00
Voltairine's money from Los Angeles	90.00	Mrs. Veisenfreind	2.00
Navro's donation	40.00	Dr. Reinhardt	5.00
Kucera	30.00	M. Reinhardt	1.00
Halperin	25.00	Dr. B. Mindlin	3.00
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F. W. Hochspier	5.00
Ben Capes from Los Angeles fund	50.00
Jos. Cohen, Phila., from Los Angeles fund	35.00
Total	$696.00

EXPENSES.

Ambulance to the hospital	$4.00
Hospital for 4½ weeks and nurse	139.00
Doctors' bills	250.00
Undertaking and funeral expenses	90.50
Waldheim Cemetery	45.00
	15.00
	5.25
Telegrams and death certificate	6.95
Total	$555.70
Total receipts	$696.00
Total expenses	555.70
Total on hand	$140.30

I had Voltairine's $100 in my possession, which I gave to the following:

Harry de Cleyre	$50.00
The old mother Mrs. de Cleyre	30.00
Magie de Cleyre for the expenses to bring the old lady here	15.00
Expenses for the old lady from and to the depot	5.00
Total	$100.00

J. J. LIVSHIS.

We also have on hand from last year the fund to publish Voltairine's work, as follows:

Chicago Open Forum	$25.00	
Newman	1.00	
M. Metzow	1.00	
Fritz Seipp	2.00	
Lavroff	10.00	
Natasha Notkin	5.00	
		$44.00
Proceeds from 1913 Commune Celebration		55.97
Proceeds from Voltairine de Cleyre Memorial meeting		21.60
Subscriptions		26.25
Cash on hand		140.30
Grand Total		$288.12
Proceeds from "In Memoriam" (so far)		12.00
GRAND TOTAL		$300.12

MOTHER EARTH PROPAGANDA FUND

Dr. M. Cohn, Brooklyn	$10.00
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